And I make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reproued it me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Muſing in my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtope there tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day ſerue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere convince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.
Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had g
on, that being bid to aske what hee would of the K
hee might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee
reaſon for it: for if a King bid a man bee a villaine,
by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Hufht heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helleauns. Eſcanes, with othe
Lords of Tyre.

Hell You ſhall not need, my fellow-Peeres of
to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſeale
left in truſt with me, doth ſpeake ſufficiently, hee
well.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will bee ſatiffied, (why
licenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue
to you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*,

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (on what cauſe I know no
diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudged ſo: and doub
had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, hee would
ſelfe; ſo putts himſelfe vnto the ſhip-mans toyle,
each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well I perceiue I ſhall not bee hanged no
I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas mu
ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent m
to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcom

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto Prin
but ſince my landing I haue vnderſtood, your L
tooke himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, my meſſage
from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reaſon to deſire it, commend
fier, not to vs; yet ere you ſhall depart, this we d
to *Antioch*, we may reſt in *Tyre*.